

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

10006-908
AUGUST

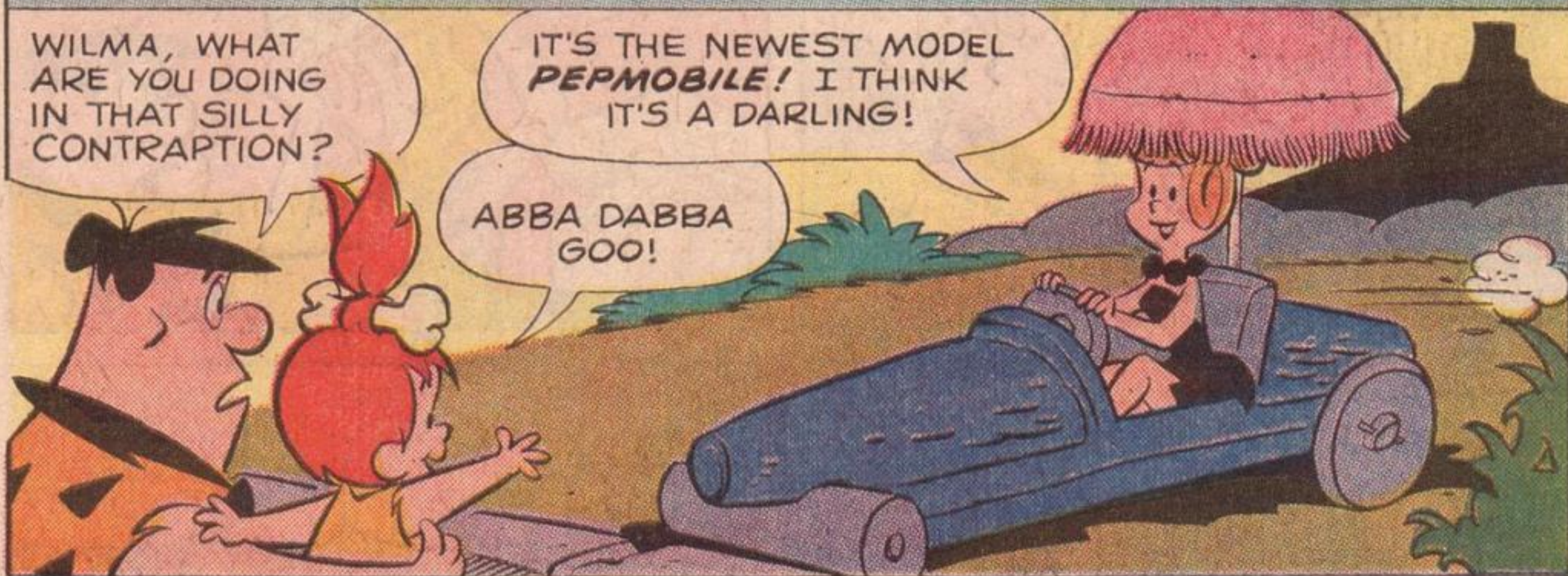


A DRAG AT THE RACES

WILMA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT SILLY CONTRAPTION?

IT'S THE NEWEST MODEL **PEPMOBILE!** I THINK IT'S A DARLING!

ABBA DABBA GOO!



WELL, IF YOU THINK **I'M** GOING TO BUY IT, THE ANSWER IS **NO!**

BUT, FRED...



TAKE IT RIGHT BACK, WILMA! THAT'S FINAL!

BUT, FRED... IT'S **MINE!** I GOT IT WITH TRADING STAMPS!



YOU **WHAT?!**

THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE BEEN SAVING STAMPS FOR YEARS—REMEMBER?



BUT THOSE STAMPS WERE AS MUCH MINE AS YOURS—I COULD'VE GOTTEN A GOLF CART WITH THEM!

OH, NO, FRED! DON'T YOU REMEMBER OUR AGREEMENT?



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WHEN YOU SPENT YOUR BONUS MONEY ON A NEW FISHING ROD LAST YEAR, YOU SAID THE TRADING STAMPS WERE ALL MINE!

HMM ... I GUESS I DID SAY THAT!



YOU SURE DID — AND NOW I'M GOING TO PUT ON MY NEW CRASH HELMET AND ENTER THE **POWDER PUFF DERBY!**

WHAT?!



WHO KNOWS? WITH MY NEW PERMOBILE, I MIGHT EVEN **WIN!**



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE IN THAT RACE! TAKE CARE OF PEBBLES TILL I GET BACK, FRED!

HOLD IT! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!



I DON'T INTEND TO BE A NURSE-MAID FOR A RACING DRIVER — AND THAT'S THAT!

VERY WELL!



BETTY'S GOING WITH ME, SO SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF PEBBLES WHILE THE RACE IS ON!



SHORTLY...

FRED? YOU LOOK AWFULLY GLUM!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRED?

I AM, BARNEY! IT'S ABOUT THAT SILLY POWDER PUFF RACE!

SO WHAT? IF WOMEN WANT TO GO OUT AND SMASH UP EACH OTHER'S CARS, WHY NOT LET 'EM?

YEAH, BUT WILMA! SHE CAN BARELY PASS HER DRIVER'S TEST!



THAT'S WHAT THE POWDER PUFF RACE IS ALL ABOUT! IT'S TO ENCOURAGE THEM TO BECOME GOOD DRIVERS!



I'VE BEEN CONSIDERING BUYING BETTY A SPORTS CAR SO **SHE** CAN ENTER THE CONTEST!

HMMM! MAYBE I **WAS** A LITTLE MEAN BY NOT KEEPING PEBBLES!

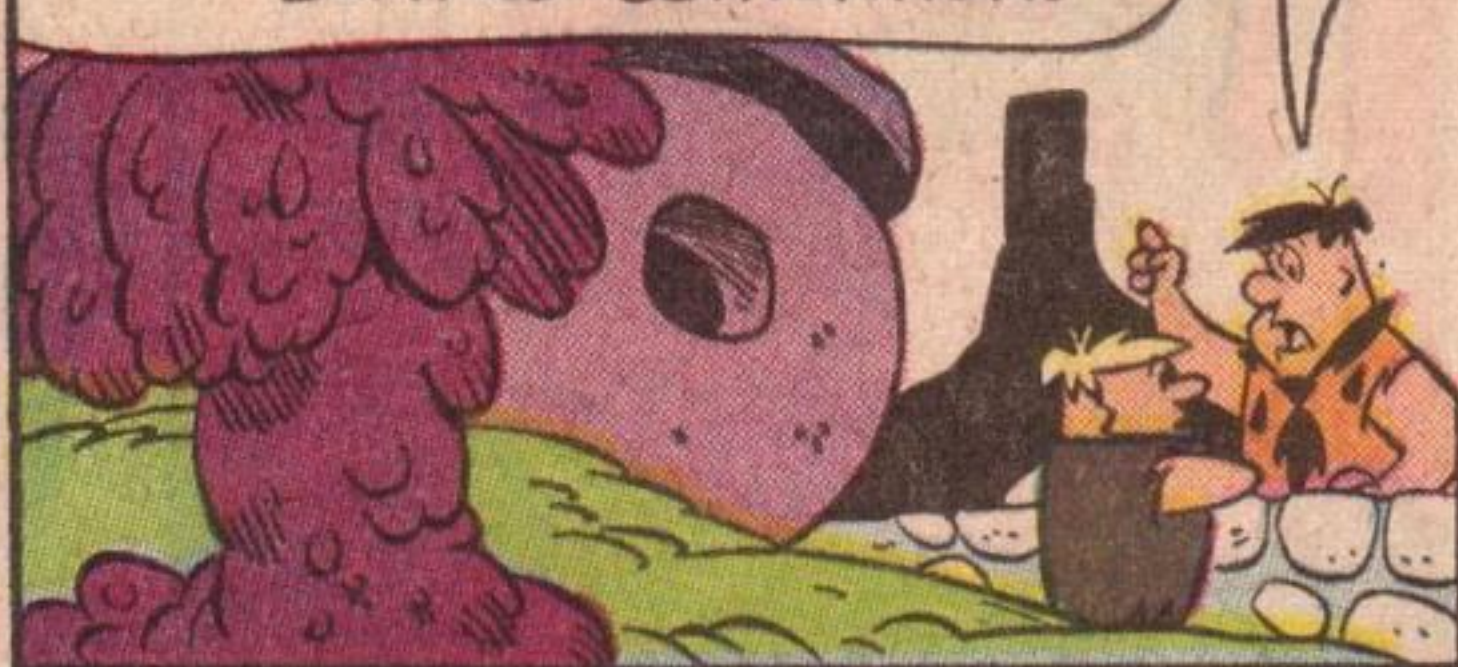


WHAT?! YOU MADE THEM TAKE PEBBLES ALONG?

WHAT A **CAD** I'VE BEEN!



WHEN I THINK OF ALL SHE'S DONE FOR ME! WHY, SHE EVEN GAVE ME ALL THE HOUSE MONEY WHEN I WENT TO THE WATER BUFFALO CONVENTION!



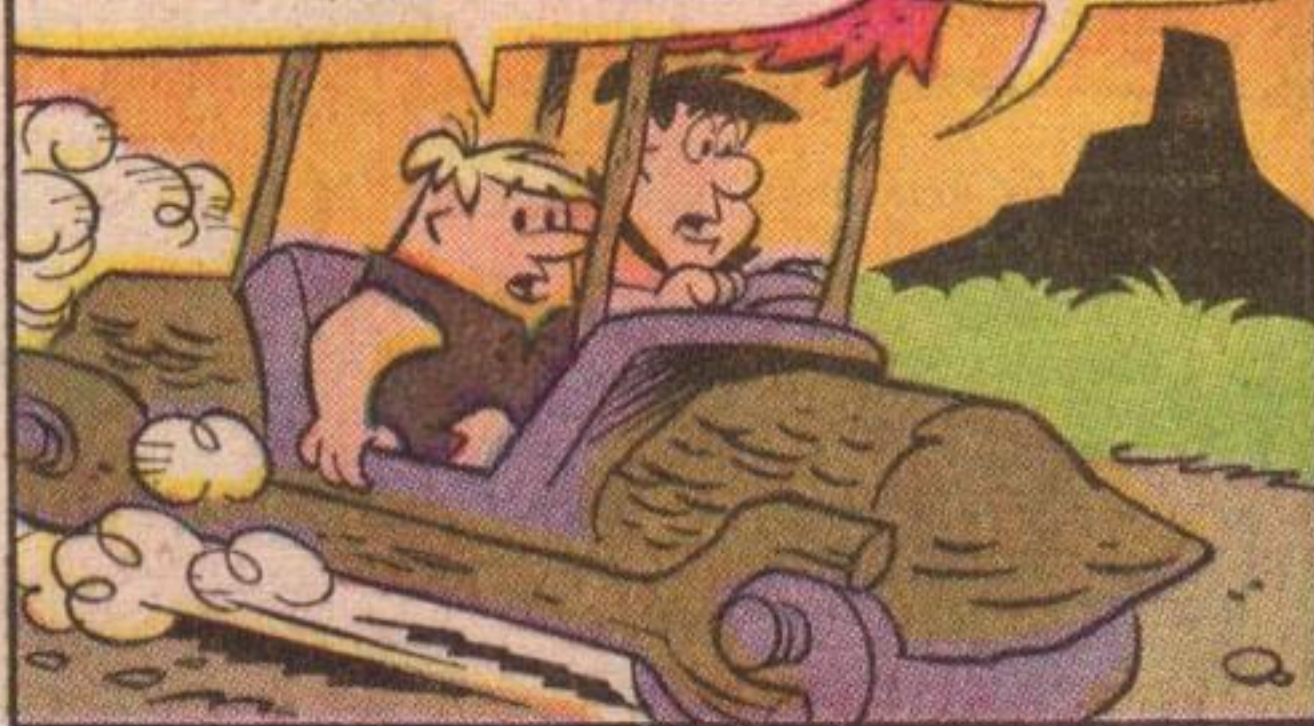
I'M A REAL SKUNKO-SAURUS!

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CHANGE ALL THAT! COME ON, LET'S GO!



BETTER HURRY, FRED—IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE RACES TO START!

I KNOW! I KNOW!



MEANWHILE...

WITH MY CRASH HELMET ON, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE MOMMY!

GOO

OH, I DO HOPE BY NEXT YEAR I CAN BE IN THE RACE TOO, WILMA!



OH, DEAR! I FORGOT TO REGISTER! HOLD PEBBLES A MOMENT, BETTY!

SURE, WILMA!

OH, NO! SHE FORGOT HER REGISTRATION BLANK! I'D BETTER TAKE IT TO HER—IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE RACE TO START!

THERE, PEBBLES—YOU JUST STAY HERE IN THE CAR LIKE A GOOD GIRL, AND I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

DA DA DABBA DOO!

GET SET, EVERYBODY! THE BIG RACE IS READY TO START!

UH-OH!

POWDER PUFF DERBY

WHEEEEEEEEE

THERE GOES THE STARTING WHISTLE, FRED!

OH, NO! THERE GO THE OTHERS! BUT WILMA HASN'T EVEN STARTED YET!

WE'D BETTER GIVE HER A PUSH!

VAROOM

ABBA DABBA DOO! HANG ON, WILMA, **HERE WE GO!**

BOY OH BOY!
LOOK AT
HER GO!

YEAH! SHE'S ALREADY
CAUGHT UP WITH
THE OTHERS!



FRED! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?

WILMA!
AH...MMM...
DUH!



WHERE'S
MY
CAR?

THERE IT GOES!
B-BUT WHO IS THAT
IN IT?



PEBBLES!

SHE WAS WEARING
MY CRASH HELMET!

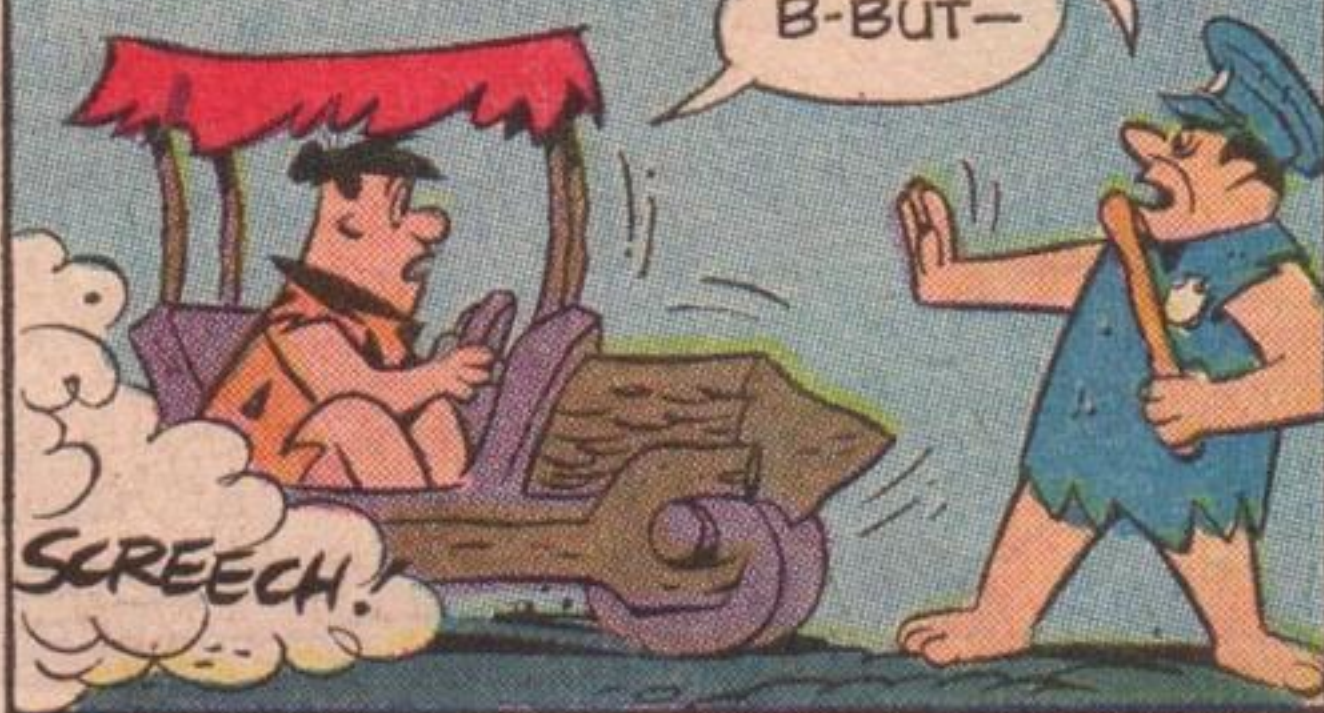


NOW THEY TELL ME!



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUB! THIS
RACE IS FOR **LADIES ONLY!**

B-BUT--



NO BUTS ABOUT IT! NOW TURN
THIS CRATE AROUND OR I'LL
RUN YOU IN!



I KNOW MY
RIGHTS, BUT THIS
IS NO TIME TO START
ANY ARGUMENTS!

MC SCRUB'S
JANITOR
SERVICE



HEY, MAC! I GOT TO BORROW YOUR MOP!
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



THANKS!

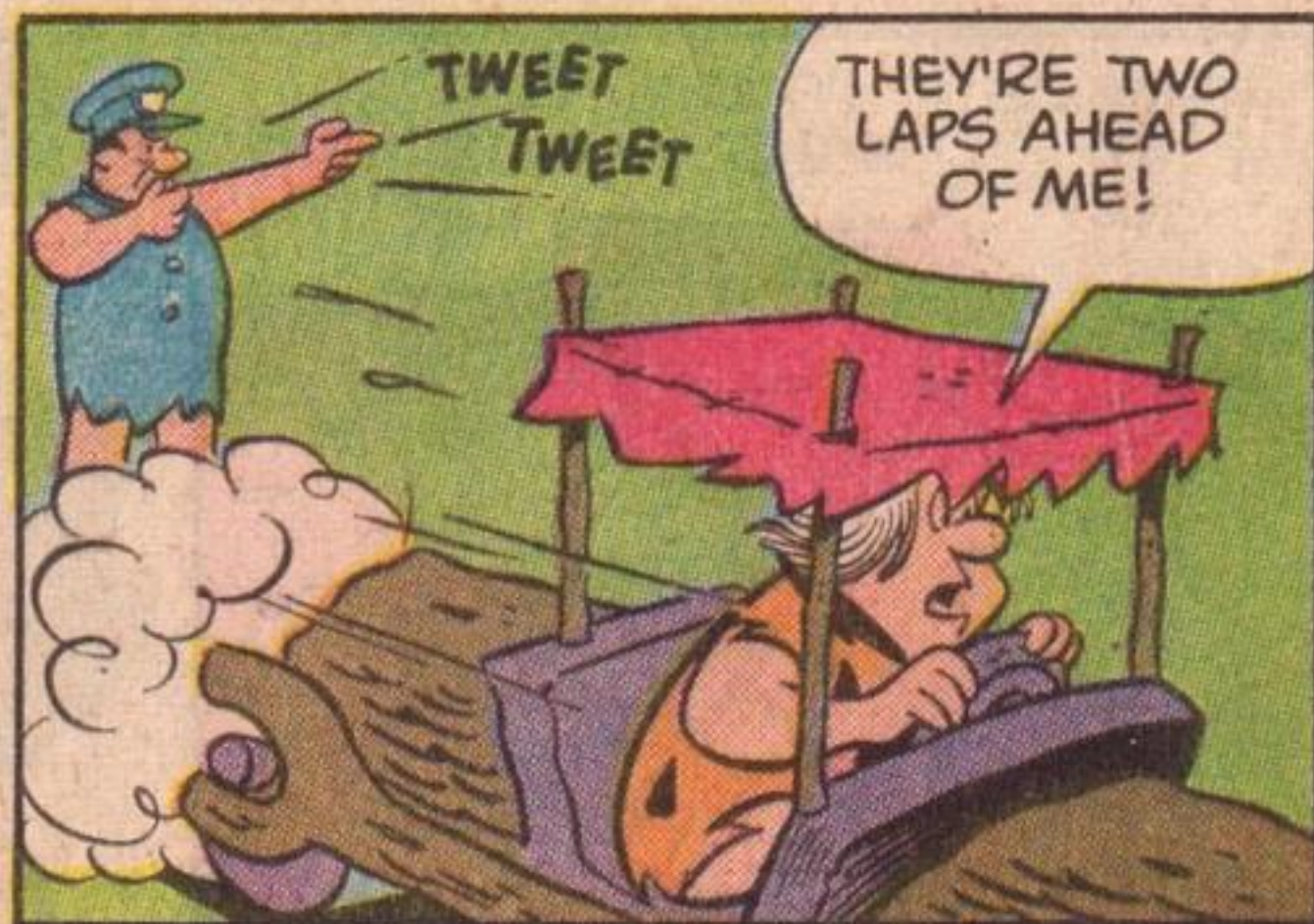


HEY! THAT KOOKY DAME
DIDN'T REGISTER FOR THE
POWDER PUFF RACE!



TWEET
TWEET

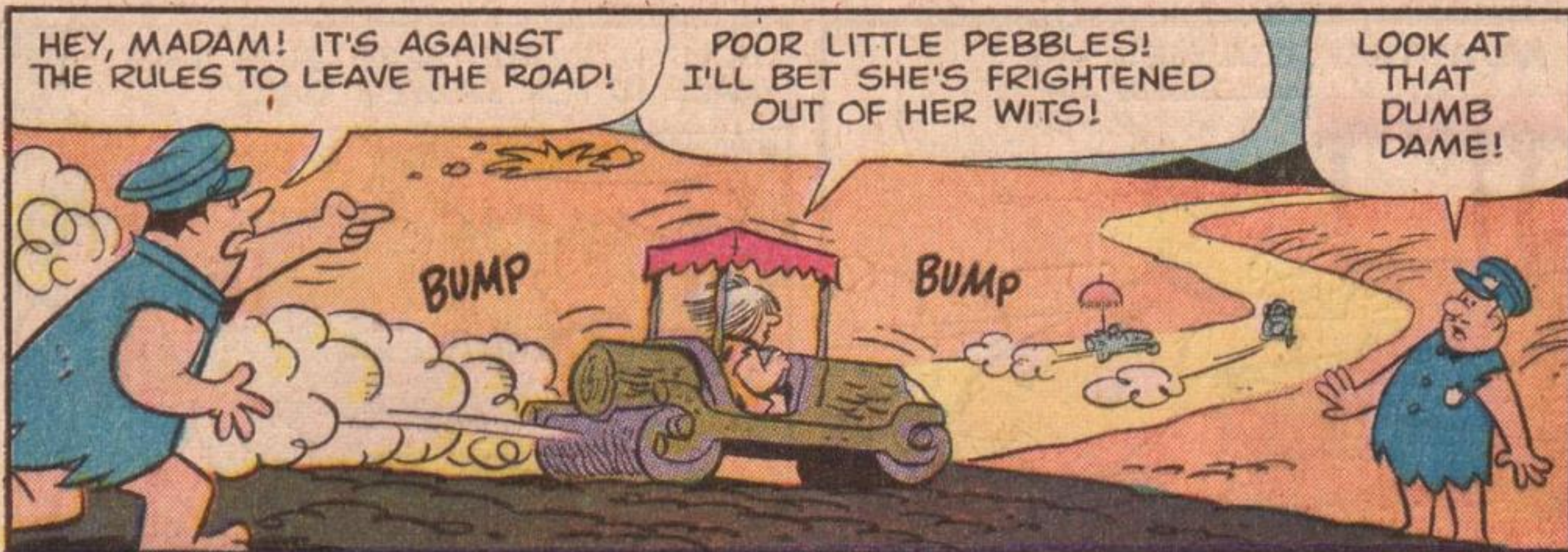
THEY'RE TWO
LAPS AHEAD
OF ME!



HEY, MADAM! IT'S AGAINST
THE RULES TO LEAVE THE ROAD!

POOR LITTLE PEBBLES!
I'LL BET SHE'S FRIGHTENED
OUT OF HER WITS!

LOOK AT
THAT
DUMB
DAME!

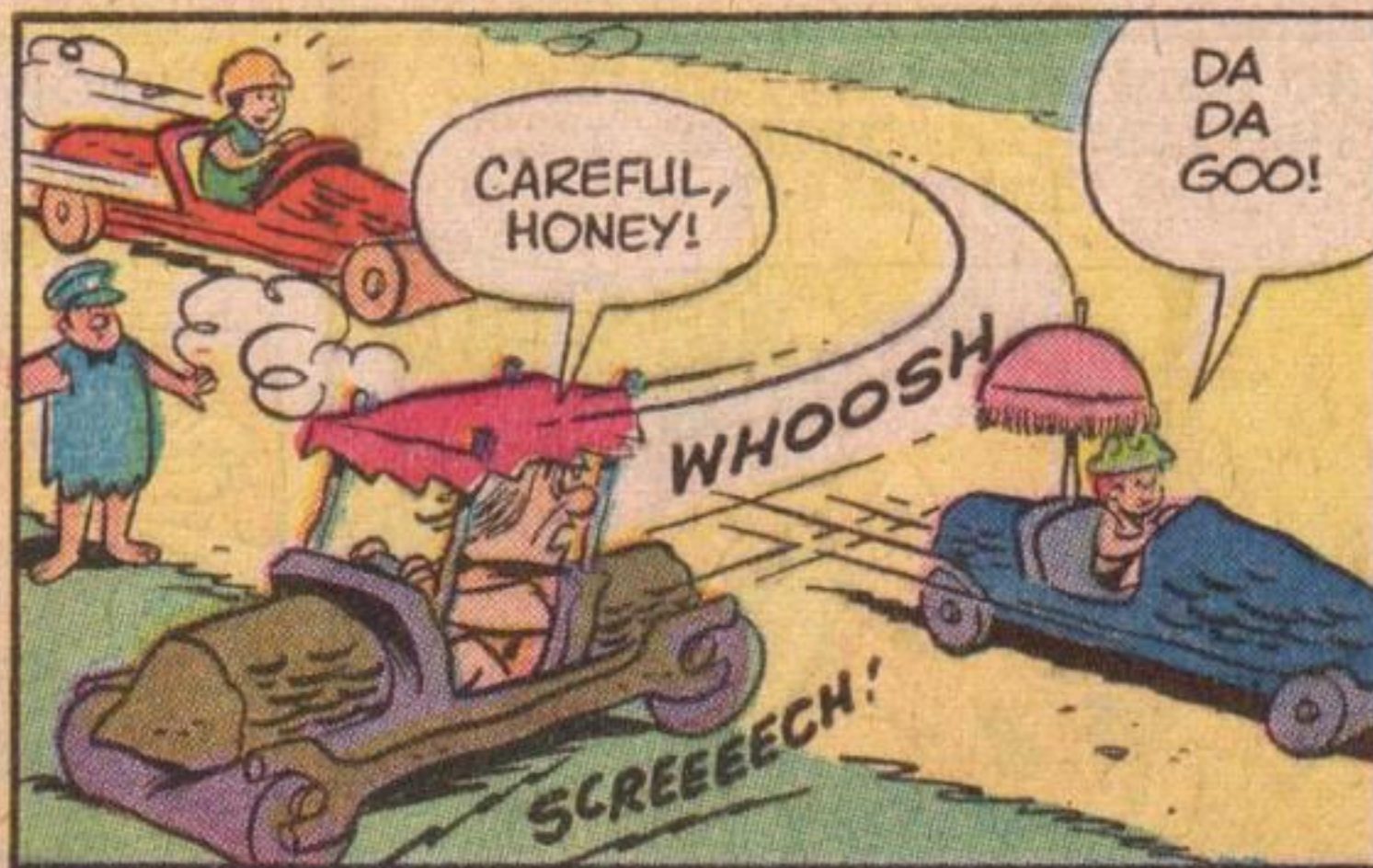


ABBA
DABBA
GOO!



CAREFUL,
HONEY!

DA
DA
GOO!

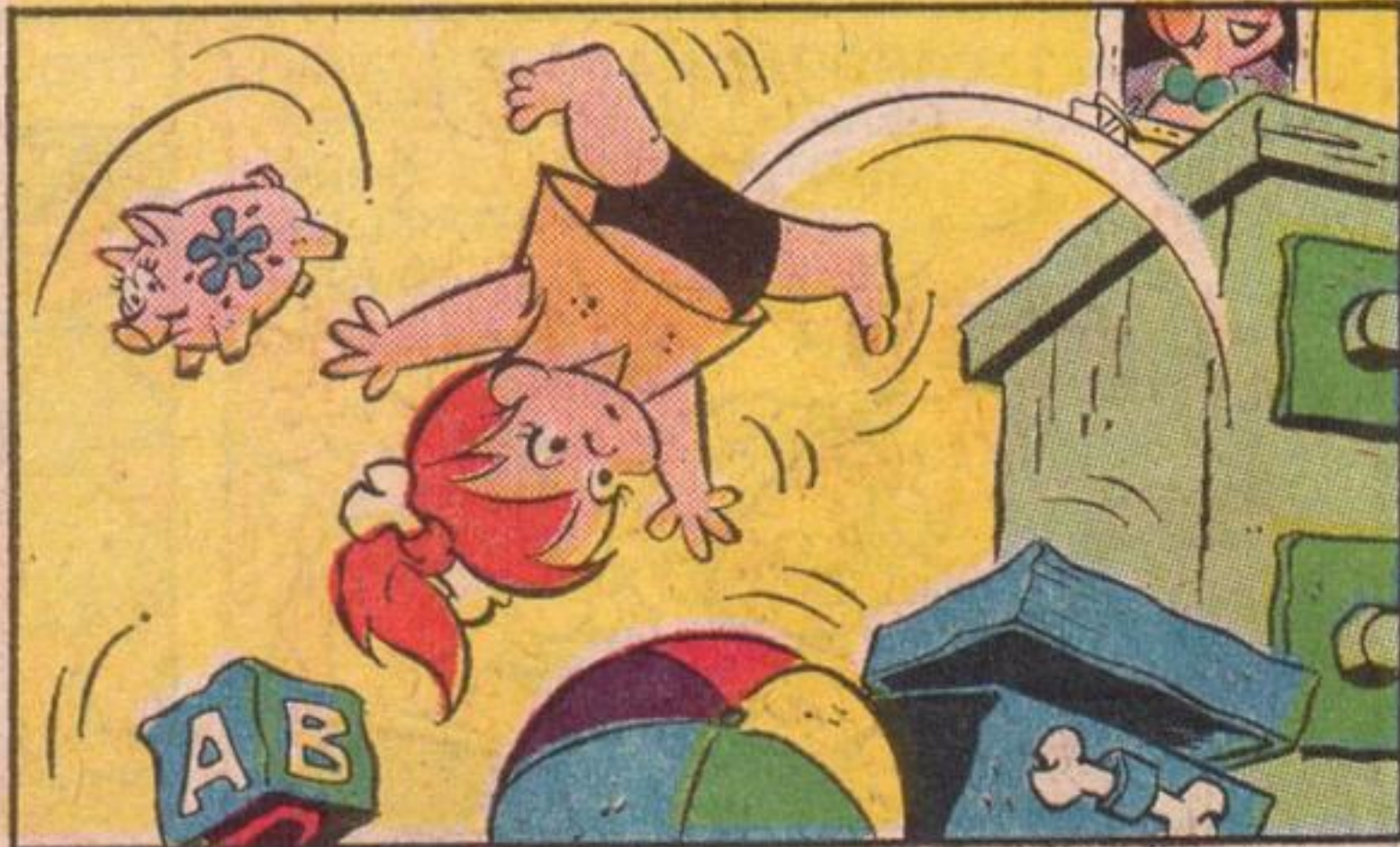
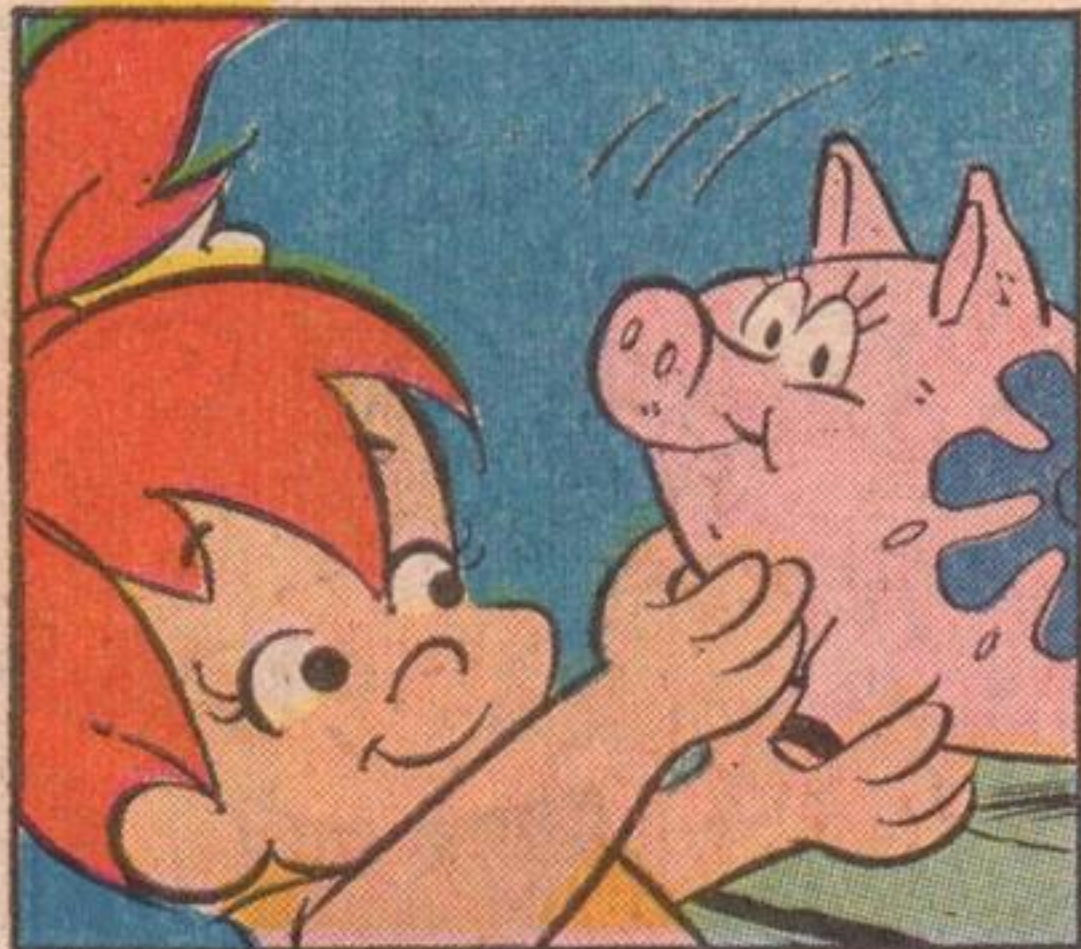
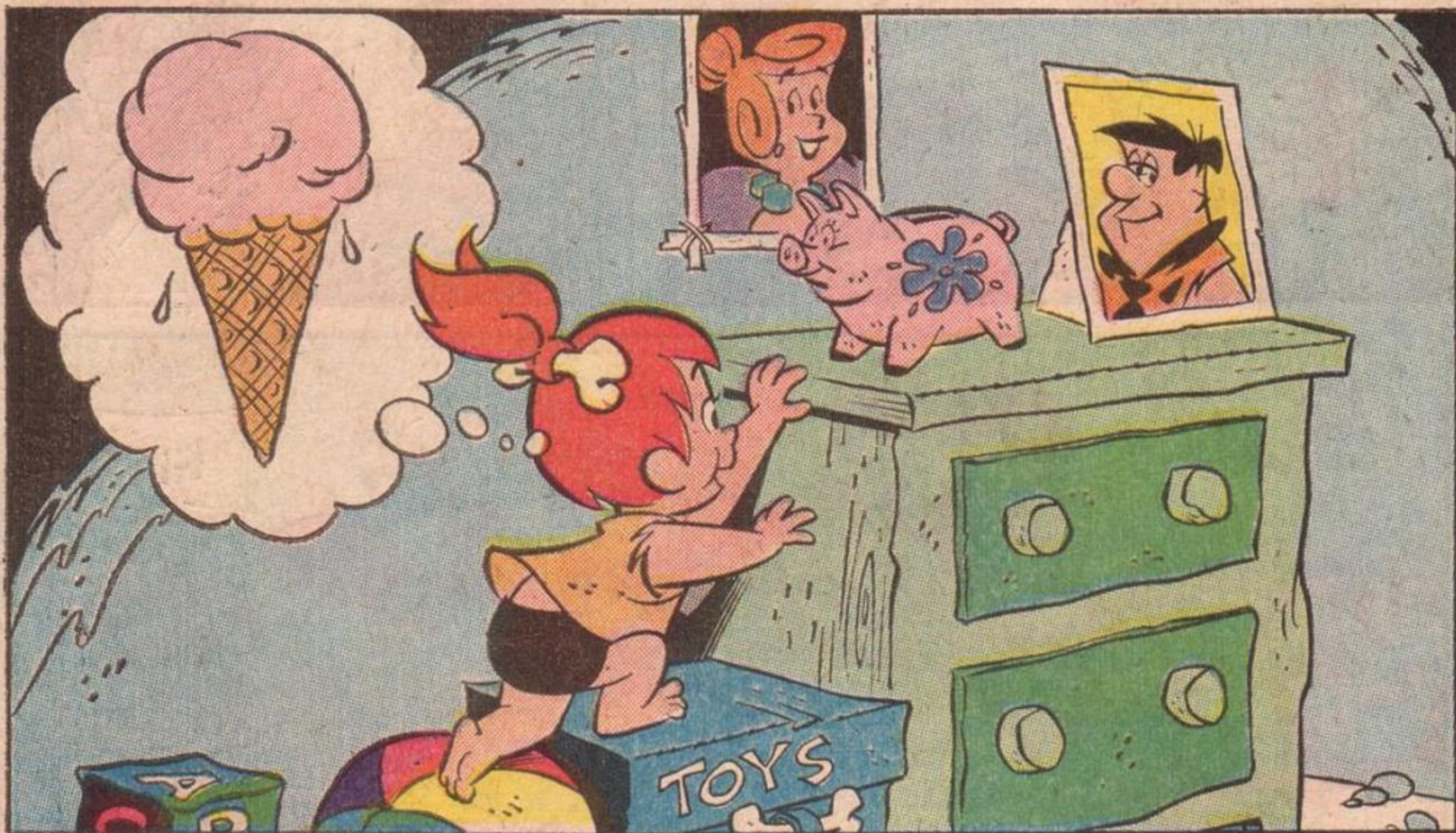


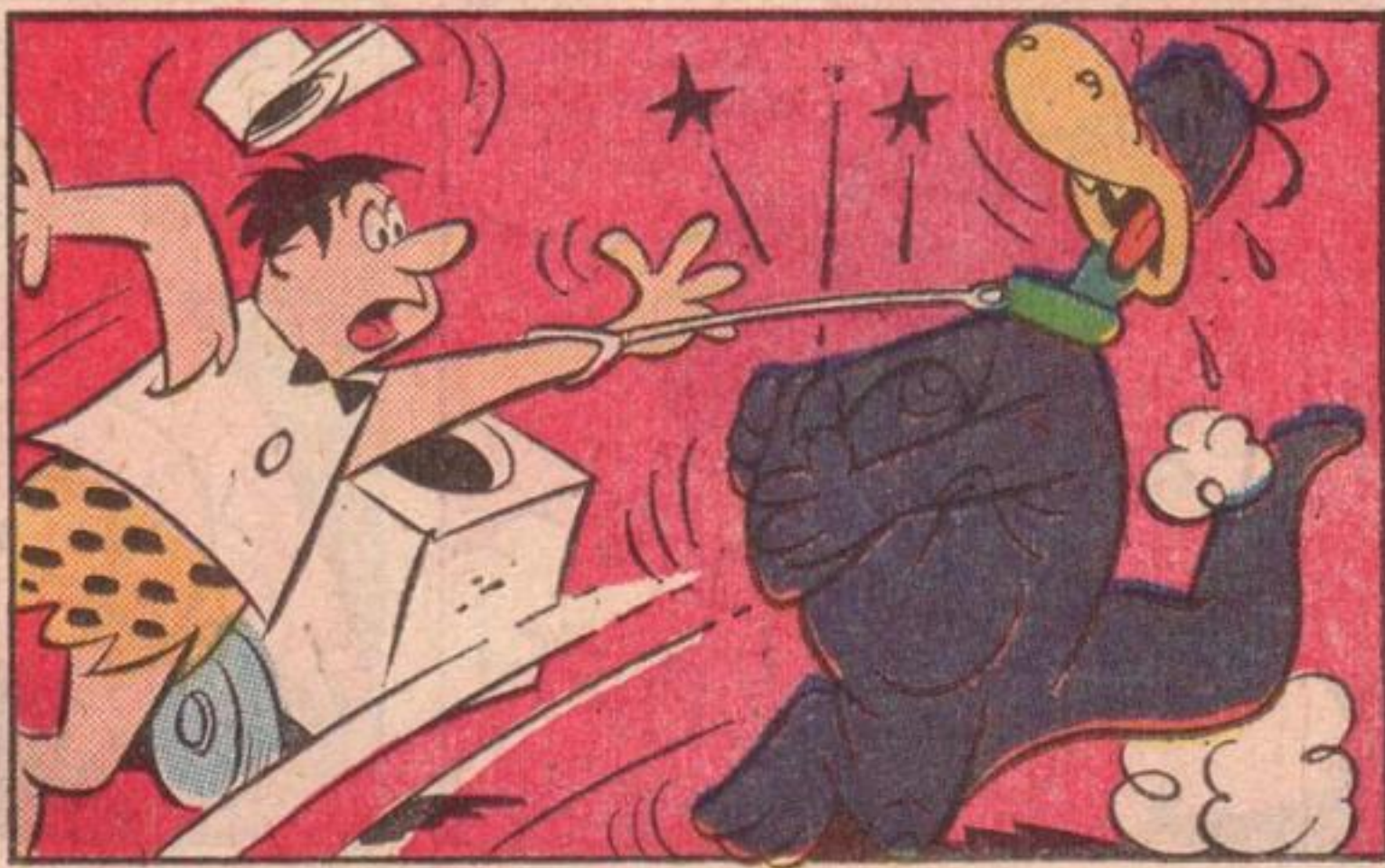
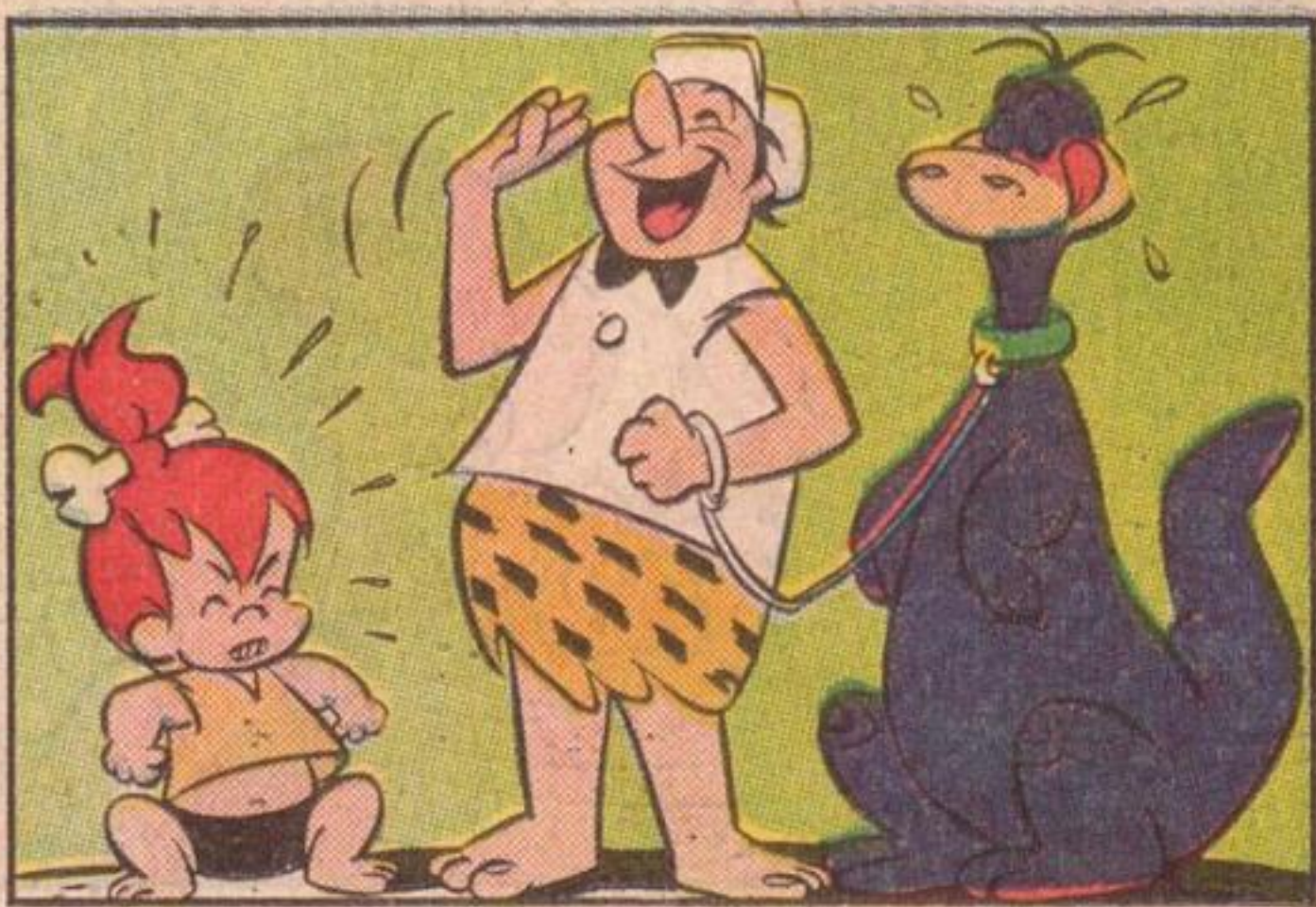
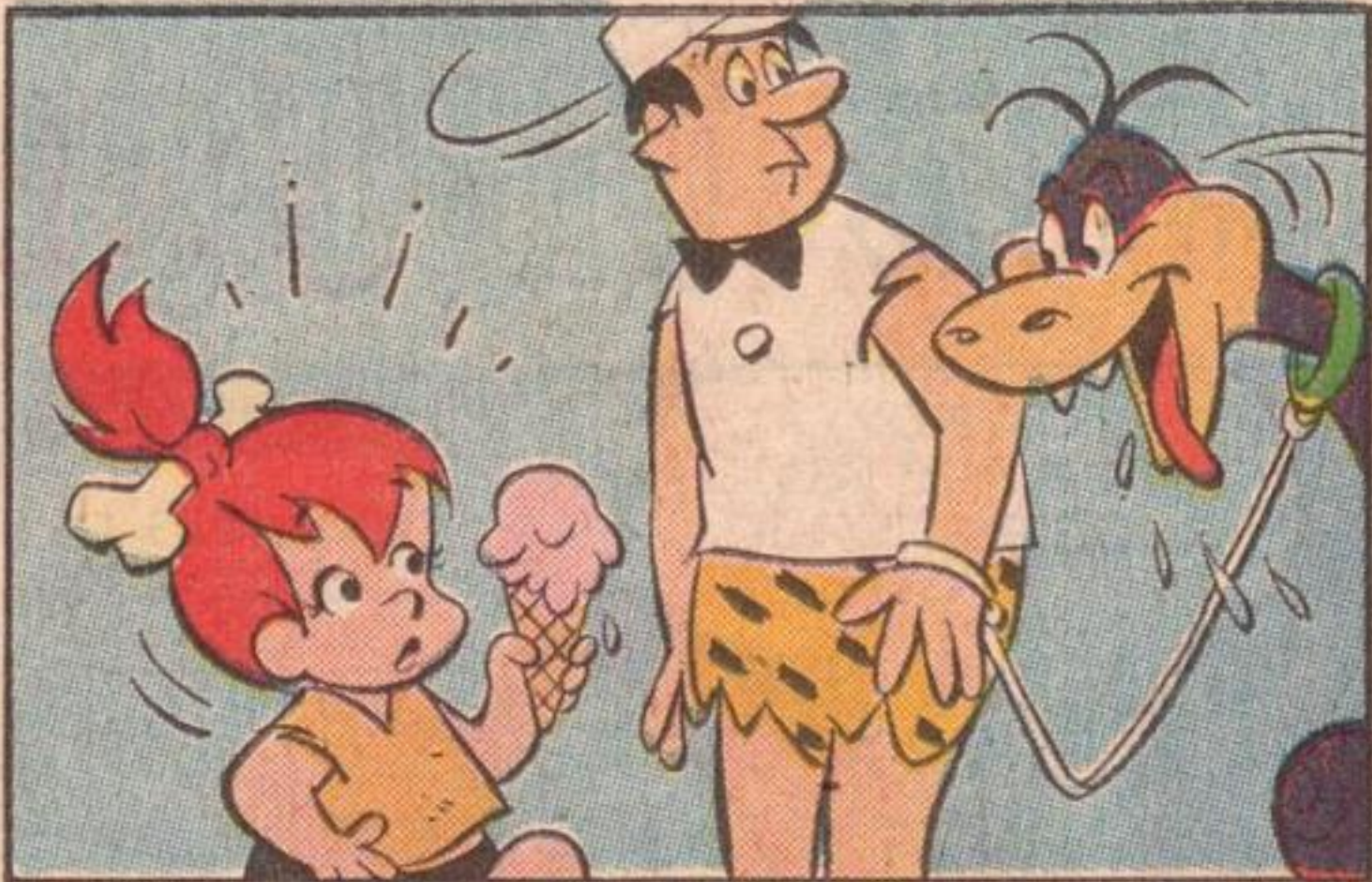


Hanna-Barbera

Pebbles
FLINTSTONE

SWEET TREAT





OH BOY,
THESE ARE REAL
DOGGIESAURUS
DAYS!

EVERYTHING IS
ALL DRIED UP!

NOTHING LEFT
TO EAT BUT THESE
PUFFER BERRIES!

PUFF!

PUFF!

UGG! WHO
CAN STAND
THEM?

PUFF!

THERE'S GOT
TO BE SOME
PLACE BETTER
THAN THIS!

SURE THERE IS...
OOGLE BOOGLE BOG...
PLENTY OF WATER
AND STREAMS FULL
OF FISH!

WHY
DIDN'T YOU
TELL US?

OH, IT'S NO USE!
I'VE FIGURED IT OUT!
THE CHANCES OF
GETTING *ANY* FISH
ARE ONE TO ONE
THOUSAND!

THAT'S SILLY! SHEEPY
IS THE BEST FISHERMAN
EVER! IF THERE'S FISH,
HE'LL CATCH 'EM!

COME ON!
I'LL GET
THE FRYING
PAN AND
LET'S GO!

VERY
WELL!

HOW COME YOU'RE COMING ALONG, IZZY?

OH, THERE ARE ALSO PURPLE PUCKER-BERRIES UP HERE! THEY ARE QUITE PALATABLE!

WHO NEEDS THEM... THEY'RE ALMOST AS BAD AS PUFFER-BERRIES!



OKAY, FELLOWS! HERE WE ARE!

WOW! IZZY WAS RIGHT! THE STREAMS ARE RUNNING AND FULL OF FISH!



AND *HERE* ARE TREES FULL OF PURPLE PUCKER-BERRIES!

(PHEW!) THOSE THINGS ARE AWFUL!



YEAH! YOU CAN STOP PICKING THEM AND HELP GATHER WOOD SO WE CAN HOT-UP THE FRYING PAN!

I'D RATHER PICK PURPLE PUCKER-BERRIES!



THE SECRET TO CATCHING FISH IS TO FIRST FIND A GOOD PLACE!



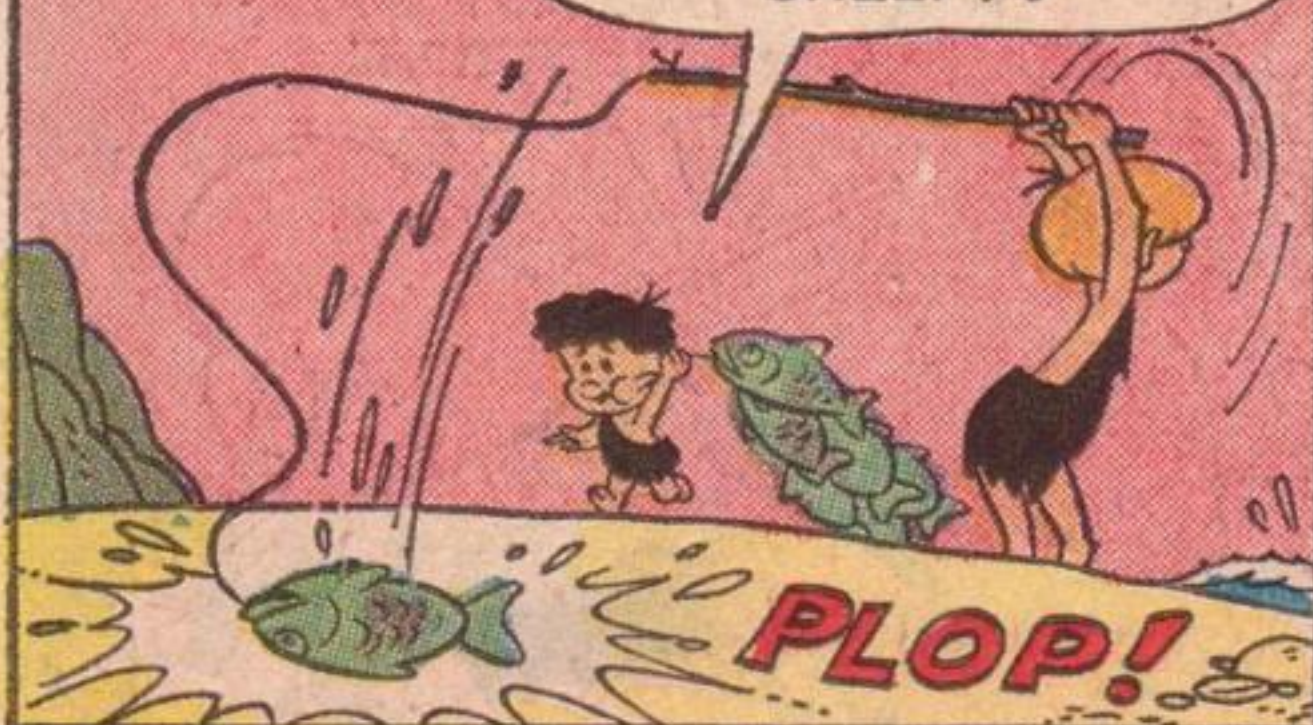
HERE IT IS!



WOW! WHAT A WHOPPER!



SHORTLY... YUMMY-YUMMY! THAT'S
PLENTY FOR NOW,
SHEEPY!



HERE WE ARE!
I HOPE THE
SKILLET'S HOT!

WOW! WAIT UNTIL
IZZY SEES THIS!



GRRRRRR!

UH-OH!
I HOPE THAT'S
NOT WHAT I'M
AFRAID IT IS!

BUT IT IS!



IT'S A GENUINE WOLFASAURUS!

SLURP!

I THINK HE
WANTS OUR
FISH!

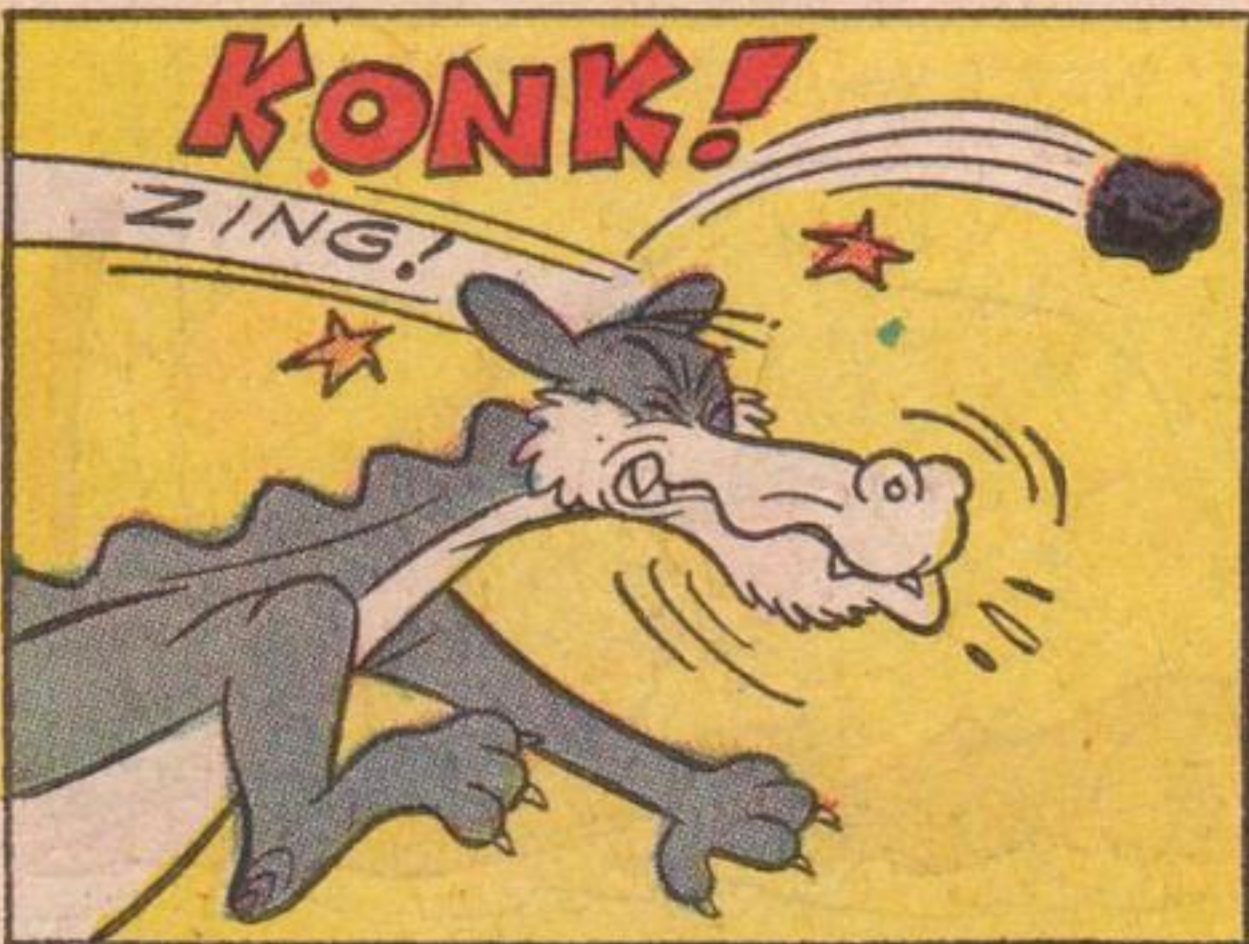


I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT ALL...
FROM THAT LOOK IN HIS EYE, WE
ARE GOING TO BE THE DESERT!



KONK!

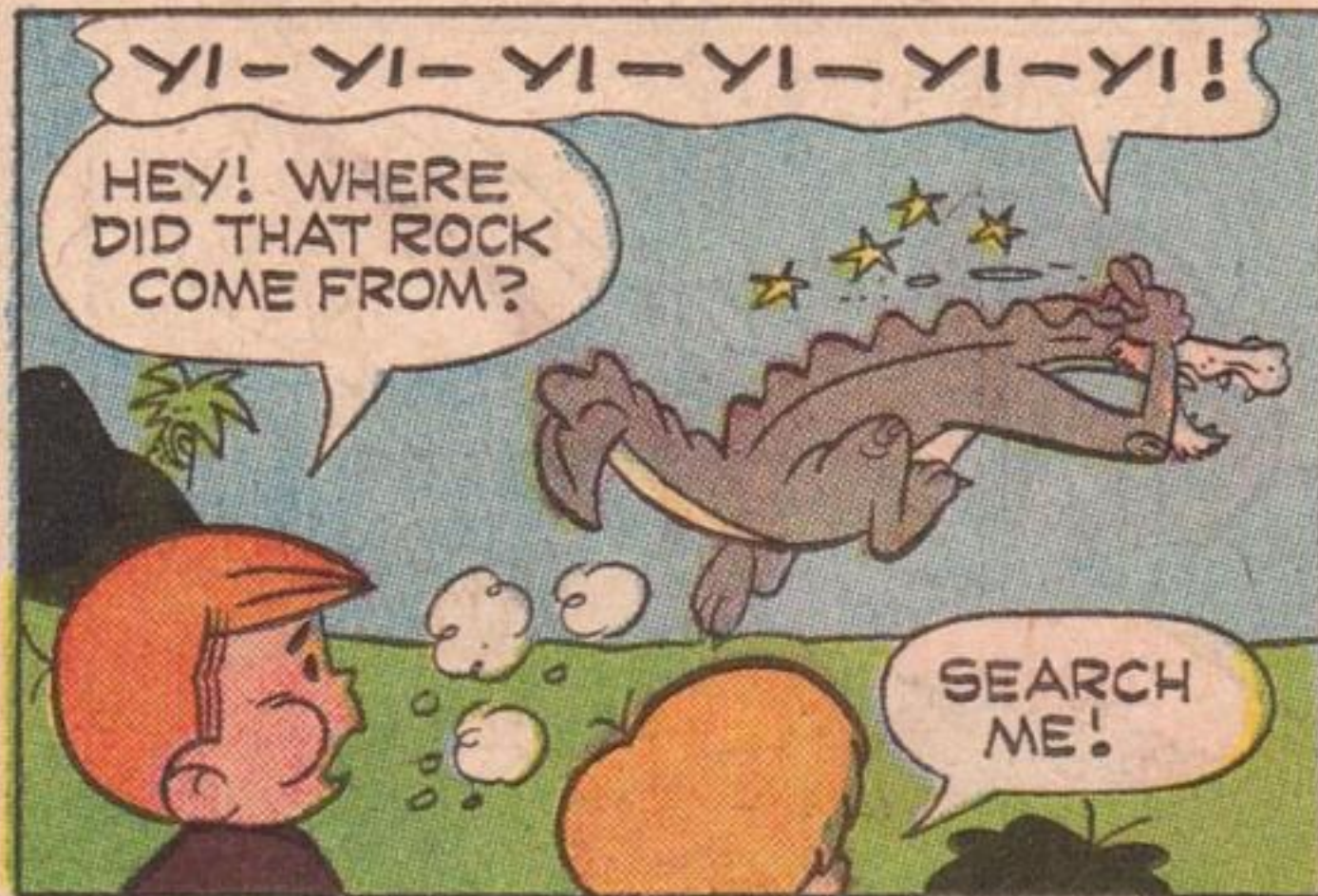
ZING!

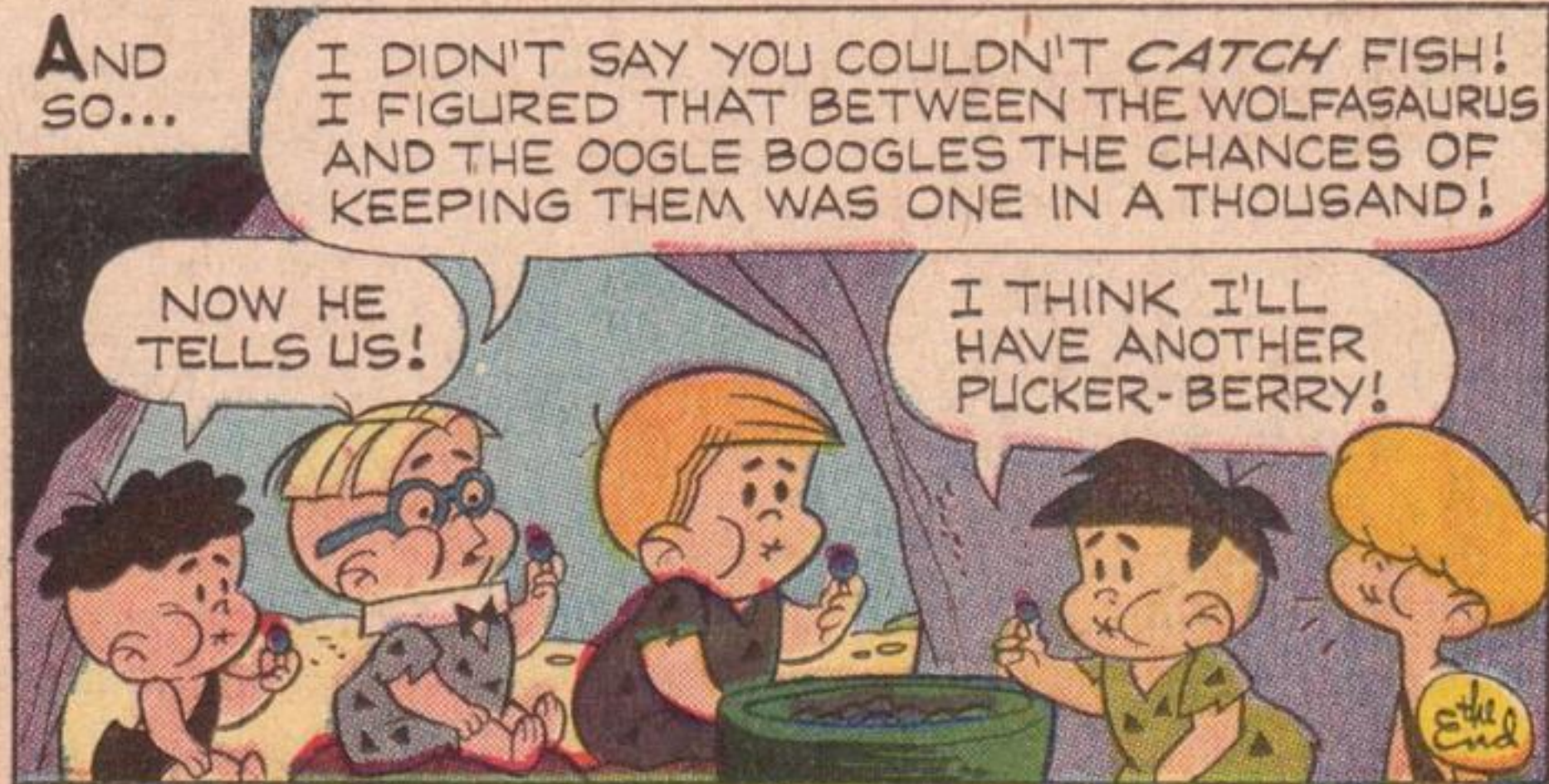


YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI-YI!

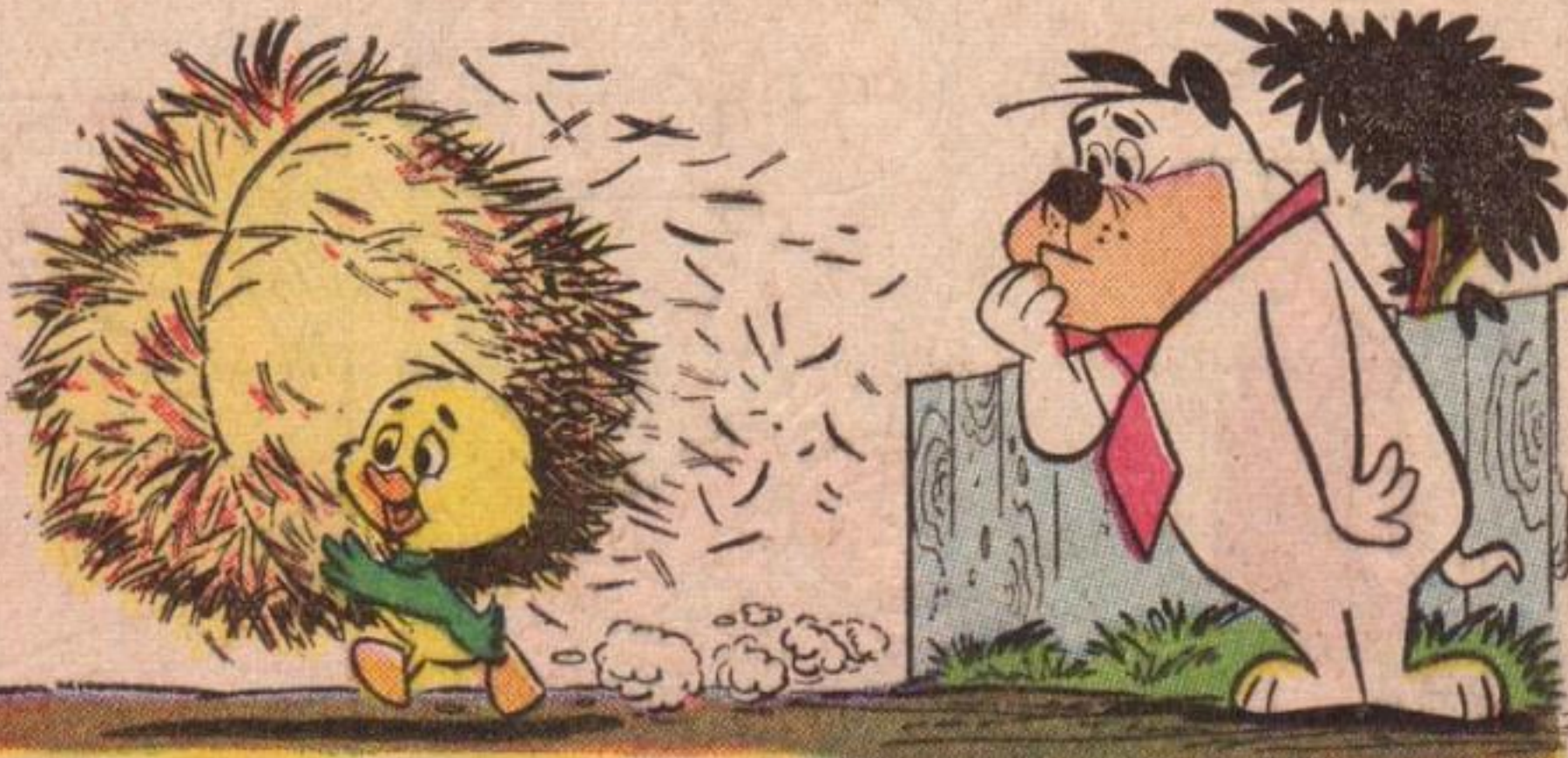
HEY! WHERE
DID THAT ROCK
COME FROM?

SEARCH
ME!





YAKKY DOODLE FINDS A PET



"Look, Chopper," said Yakky Doodle, pointing across the street. "There's that lady with her pet cat again."

"Yeah," answered Chopper, from the cozy depths of a dog nap.

"Gee, I wish I had a pet," Yakky sighed. "I'd always have someone to play with then. Do you have a pet, Chopper?"

"Huh?" asked Chopper, coming out of his nap for a moment, and opening his eyes.

"I said, do you have a pet, Chopper?" Yakky repeated.

"Uh . . . yeah, sure, I have a pet," replied Chopper. "He's little, but he's a pest . . . I mean . . . pet, all right."

"You do!" exclaimed Yakky. "Who's your pet, Chopper? Who? Did I ever see him?"

"You're my pet," Chopper answered with a grin. Then he added, "Now, be a pet . . . and run along and let me sleep."

"Okay, Chopper," Yakky agreed happily. "I sure didn't know I was a pet, though."

As Yakky walked along, he thought, "Everyone has a pet but me. I sure wish I could have one." Then, spying a grasshopper, he asked, "Oh, little grasshopper, would you be my pet?"

"Phoo!" answered the grasshopper, hopping away quickly.

Yakky sighed and went on. Then he came to a little cricket.

"Little cricket," he said, "I want a pet, so I'll have someone to play with all the time. Would you be my pet?"

"I haven't time for play . . . not with my big family to feed," grumbled the cricket, and he, too, went on his way.

Discouraged, Yakky went back to Chopper. "I can't find a pet," he wailed. "They all just hop away, instead of playing with me! What'll

I do, Chopper? What'll I do?"

"Aw, now, little feller," soothed Yakky's friend, "you hadn't oughter cry over it. You'll just have to keep hunting till you find a pet that can't hop away."

"All right, Chopper," said Yakky. "I'll try again. But where will I find one like that?" he wondered.

Later, when Chopper's nap was over, he saw little Yakky happily skipping down the path, carrying a bundle of hay. Yakky was humming to himself, as well.

"Hi, Chopper," he said, not missing a step, as he hurried along.

"Wait a minute, little feller," called Chopper. "Where are you going? What are you doing with that hay?"

"I'm going to feed my pet," Yakky said cheerily.

"Your pet!" exclaimed Chopper.

"Yup," answered Yakky. "Want to come along and see him? We have to hurry, though, cause it's time for his supper." And Yakky ran down the path.

Full of curiosity, Chopper followed the little duck. His trail led around a curve in the path, across the park, and straight into the zoo, where he disappeared around a corner cage!

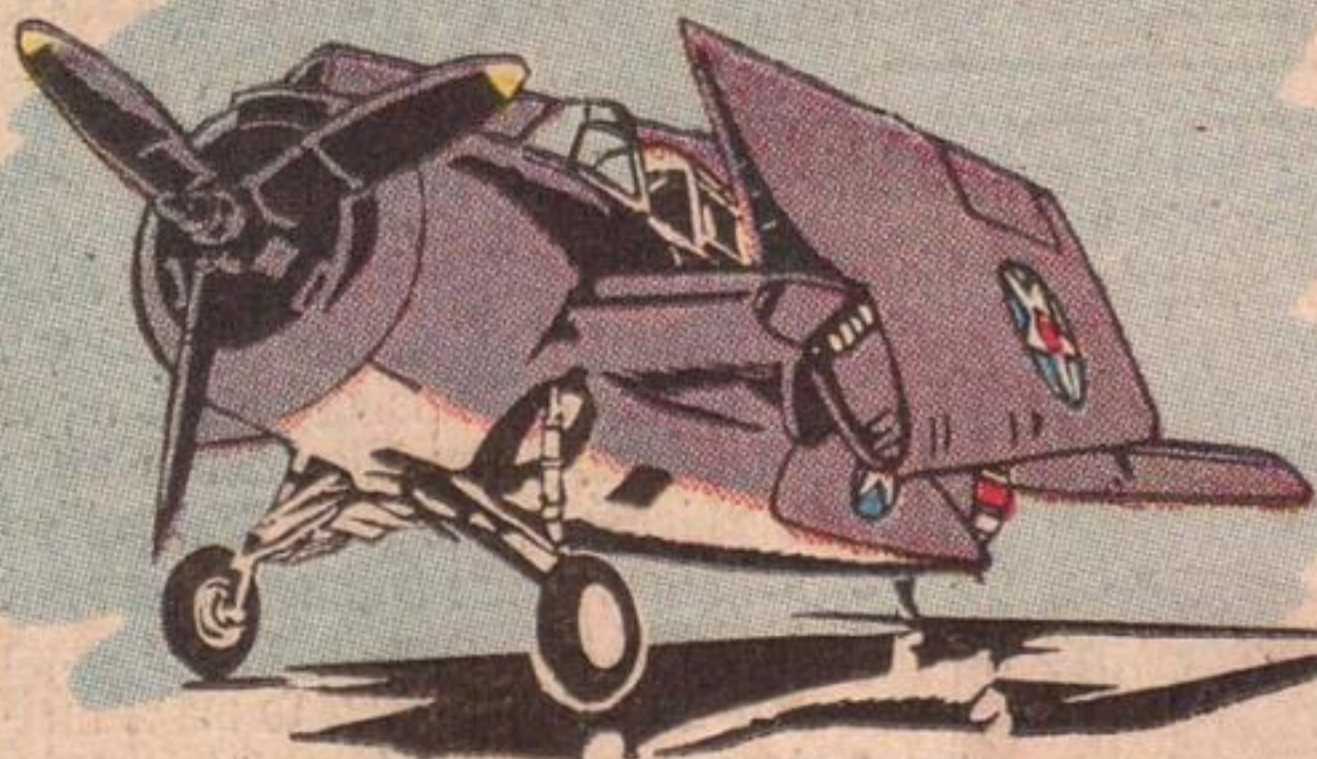
Chopper peeked warily around the corner. There was little Yakky feeding the hay to a big elephant and gently stroking and patting the elephant's long trunk!

"See my pet, Chopper?" Yakky called. "I found one that couldn't hop away, just like you said I should. He's kind of big, but isn't he nice?"

"He's very nice," Chopper agreed. "And he's a perfect pet for you. He'll always be around when you want to play."

NINE LIVES

**BUILD IT YOURSELF — REVELL'S
MODEL-OF-THE-MONTH FOR
JUNE, THE F4F-4 WILDCAT.**



In the early days of World War II, the stubby-nosed Wildcat was a born fighter, but vastly outnumbered by the Japanese fighters. Ah, but the Japanese reckoned without one Lt. Cmdr. James Thach, Wildcat ace and now an admiral, who invented the intricate "Thach Weave." When counterattacked, the Wildcats wove back and forth to protect each other from rear attacks. This maneuver gave many Wildcats nine lives.

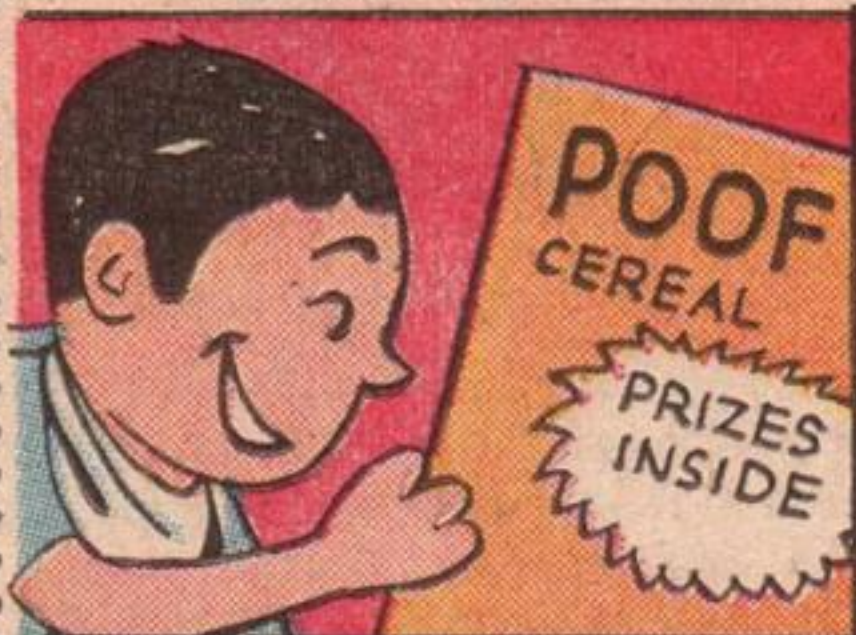
With a 13¼" wingspread, folding wings and authentic cockpit, your ½-scale Revell model is a true Wildcat in every detail. It's a joy to build, and looks great in a den. Sells for \$2, wherever toys or hobbies are sold.

Send 35c for color
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MINI-COMICS

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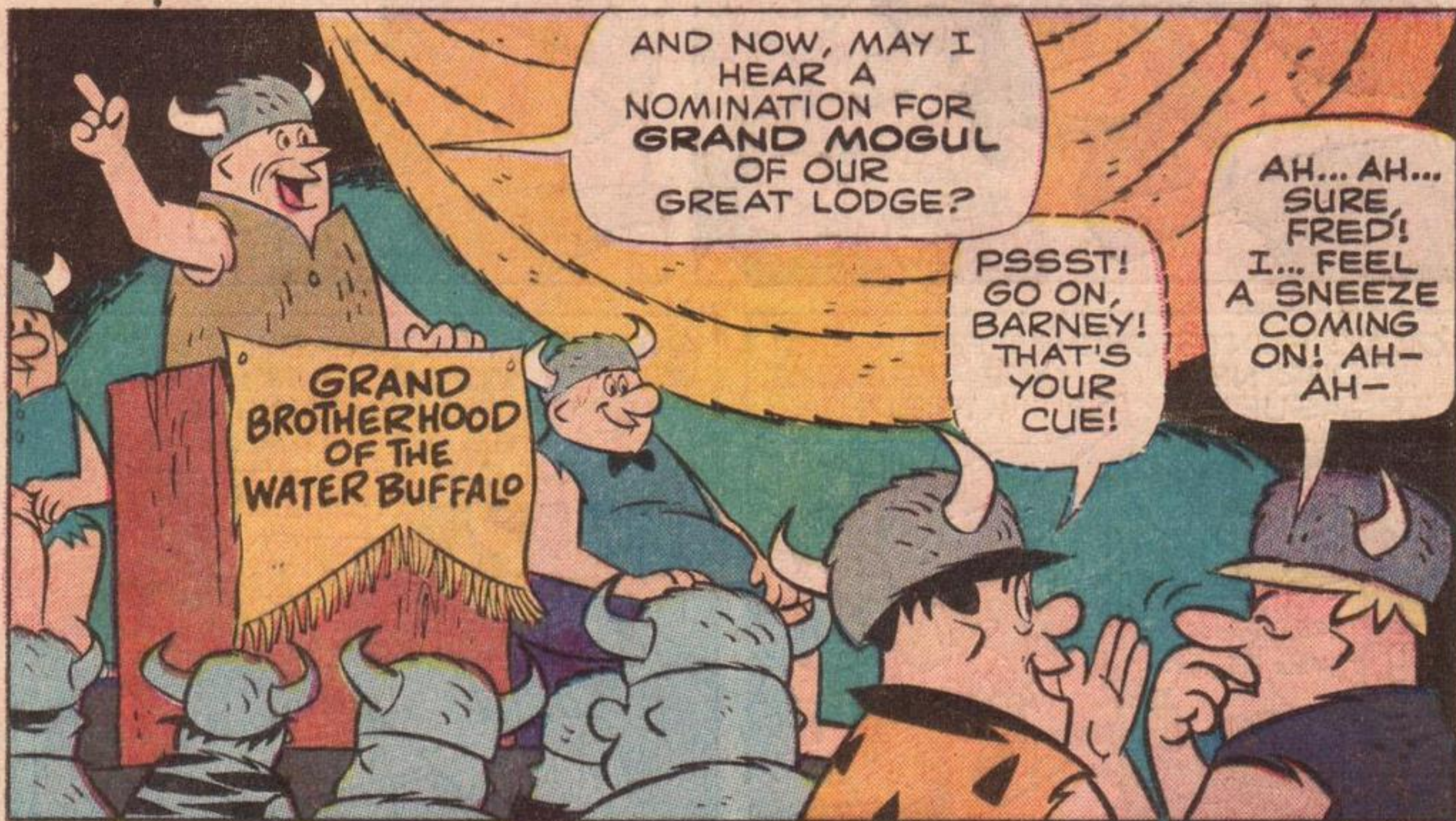


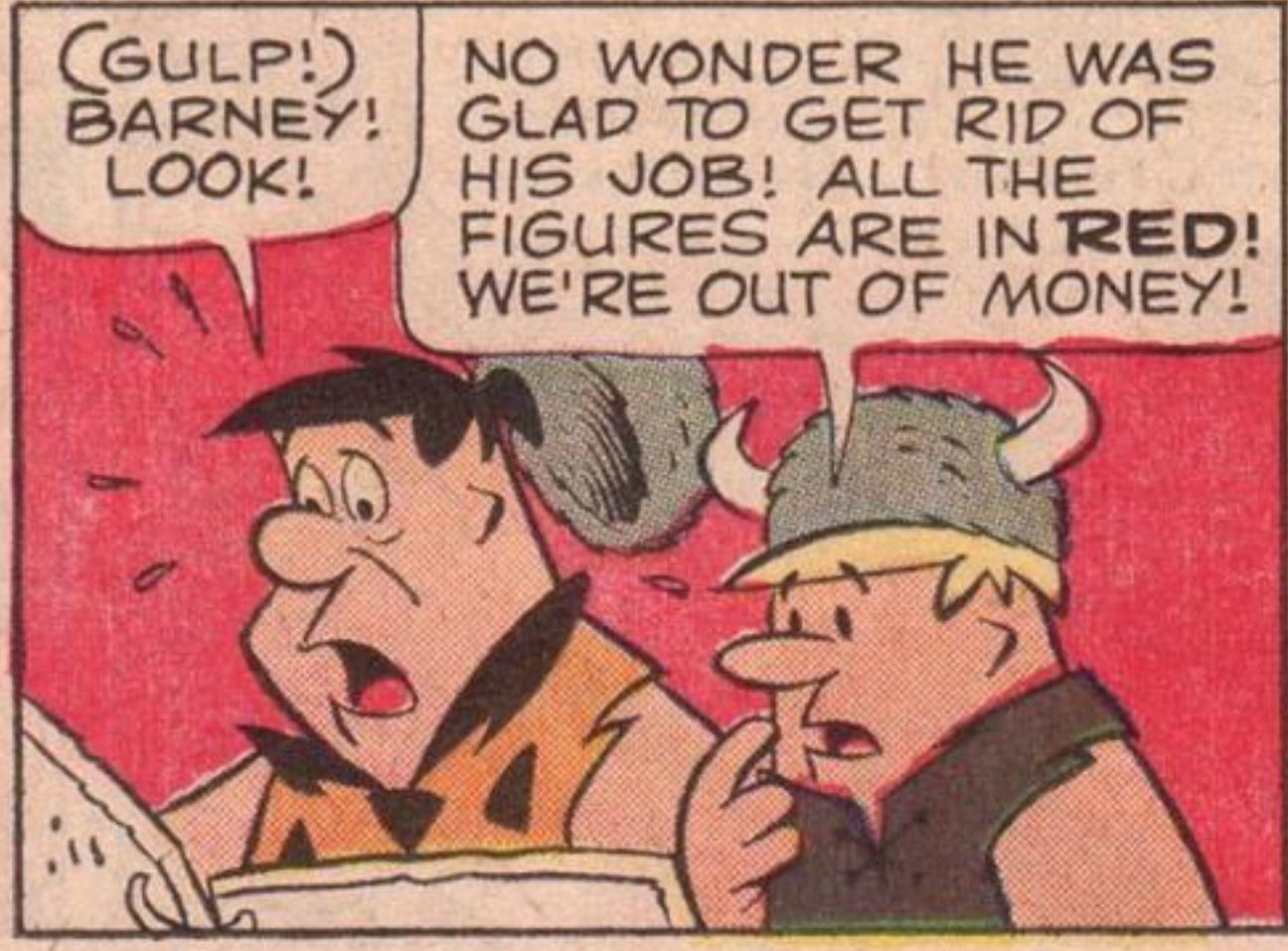
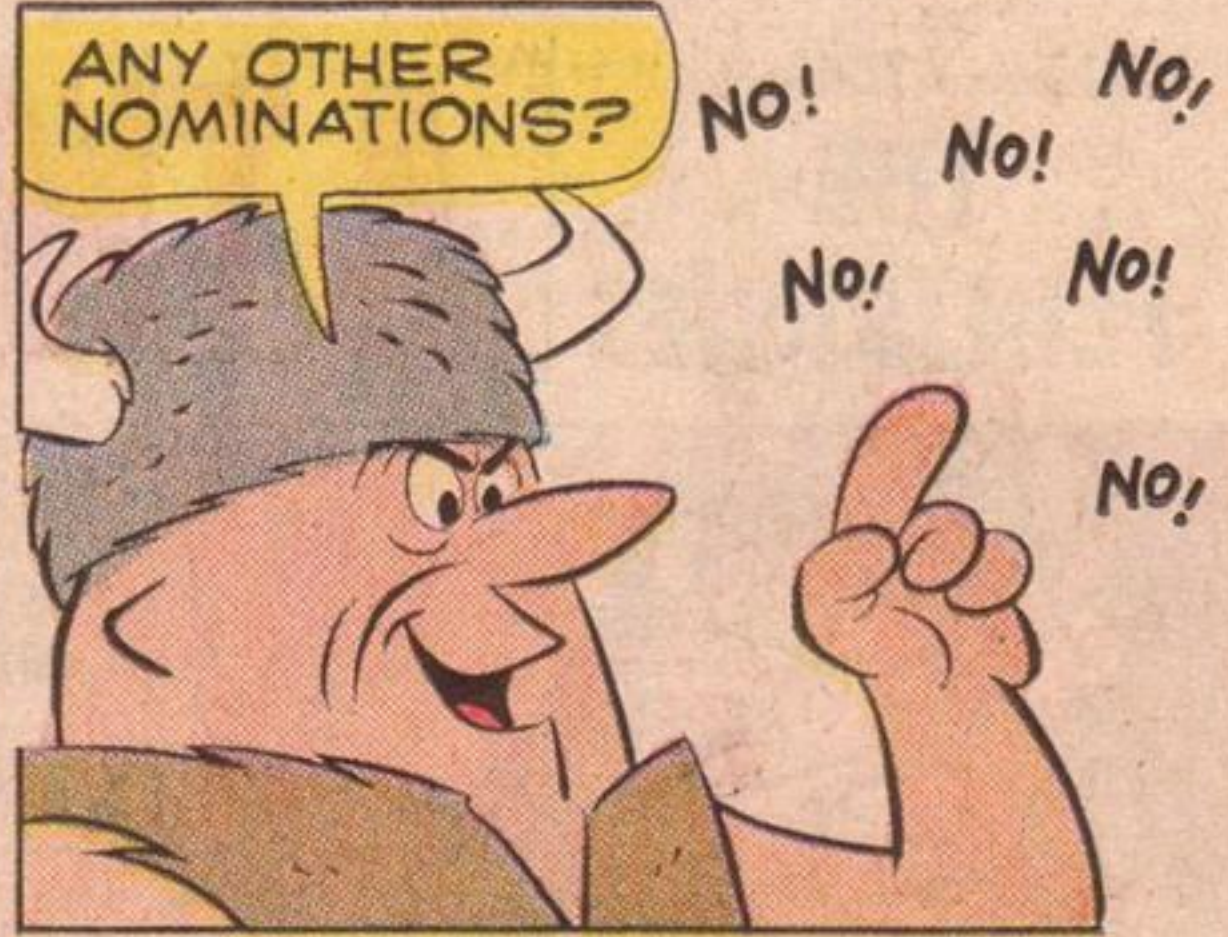
It's not Summer without it.



Always look for the red sicle ball, sign of the real thing.

A TWO-TIME LOSER





SO WHAT? YOU HAVE TO THINK BIG! SPEND MONEY TO MAKE MONEY, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY!



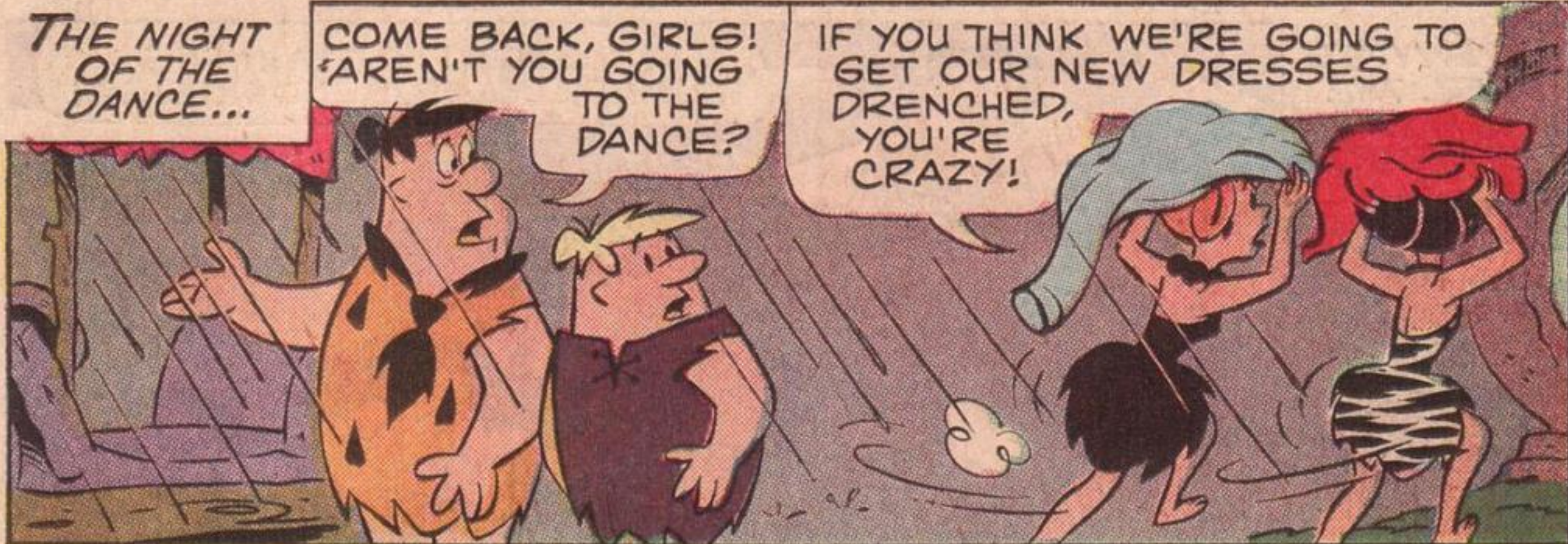
SO... THAT'S RIGHT! I WANT THE BIGGEST NAME BAND... THE ROCKY ROLLERS, NO LESS!



THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE...

COME BACK, GIRLS! 'AREN'T YOU GOING TO THE DANCE?

IF YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO GET OUR NEW DRESSES DRENCHED, YOU'RE CRAZY!



IT'S NO USE, FRED! NOBODY IS COMING OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!

WELL, WE DID! SO PAY UP!



SO- HOW AM I GOING TO PAY THESE BILLS WITH AN EMPTY TREASURY, BARNEY?

AND YOU'VE STILL GOT TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE CONVENTION, FRED!



I KNOW! HOW ABOUT A RAFFLE?

GOOD IDEA! ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS GET SOME TICKETS PRINTED UP!



ABBA DABBA DOO! EVERYBODY GOES FOR A RAFFLE!

RIGHT, FRED!



SHORTLY...

HERE ARE THE TICKETS, BARNEY! AT A DOLLAR A THROW EVERYBODY IN TOWN WILL BUY ONE!

BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO RAFFLE, FRED?

I KNOW WHAT! THERE'S JUST THE THING IN YOUR GARAGE, FRED!

(GULP!) MY NEW GOLF CART?

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE RAFFLE IS HELD...

GENTLEMEN! THE WINNING NUMBER IS 48789004216168!

LOOK, BARNEY! THAT'S MY TICKET!

ABBA DAB-

PST! HOLD IT, FRED!

THE DRAWING WAS FAIR, BUT IT WOULD LOOK FUNNY IF YOU WERE THE WINNER!

THAT'S RIGHT! HERE-WE'D BETTER TRADE TICKETS!

SO-

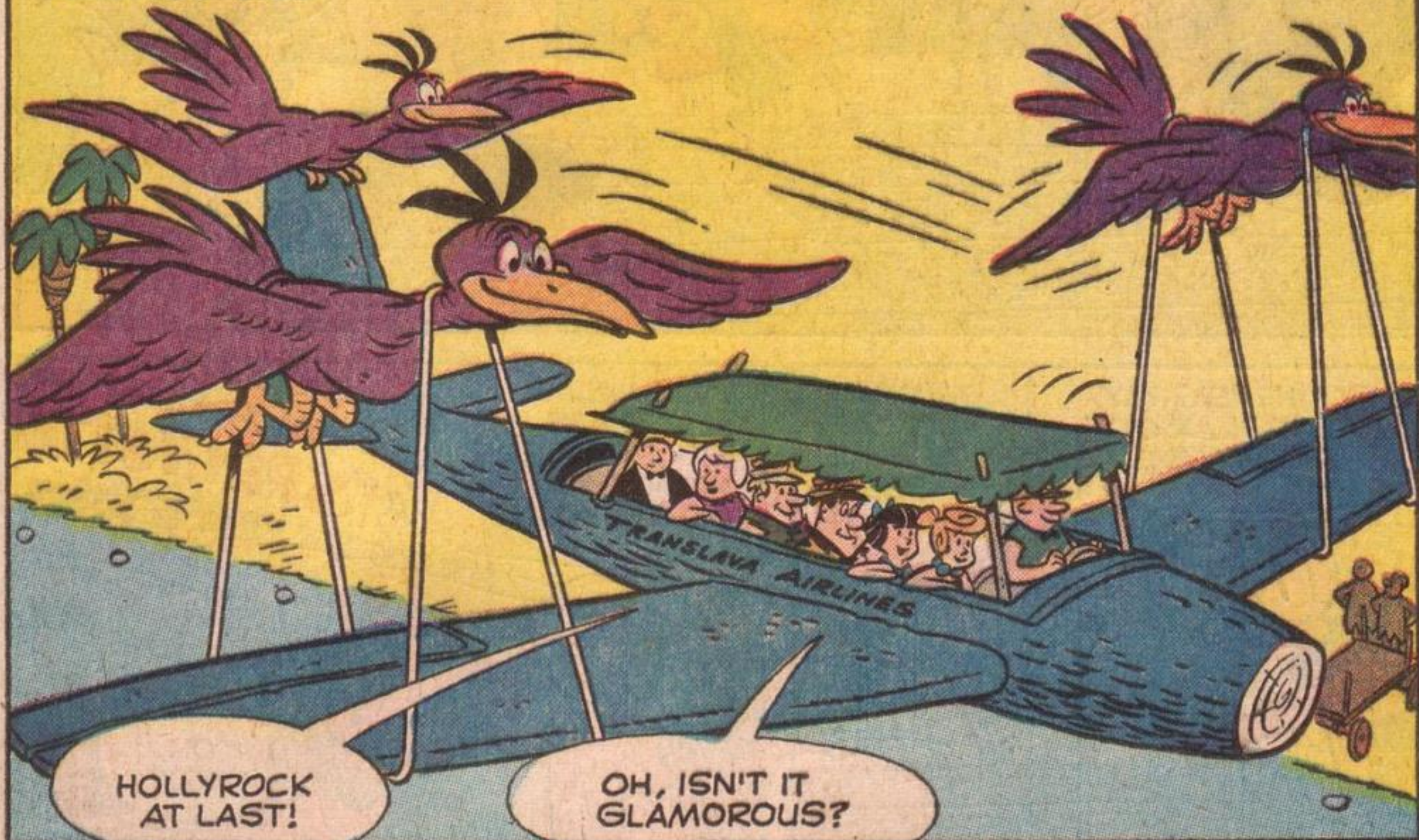
OKAY, WE'RE ALMOST HOME! YOU CAN GIVE ME BACK MY GOLF CART NOW!

WHOSE GOLF CART?

BARNEY! COME BACK WITH THAT CART!

HEH-HEH! I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM AFTER I'VE HAD SOME FUN WITH HIM!

THE HOLLYROCK MONSTER



LOOK! HERE'S BASIL
ROCKWORTH'S FOOTPRINT!
AND JOHN WAYNESTONE'S!

AND HERE'S LAVA
SOAPSTONE'S!

AND HERE'S
**W.C. FIELD-
ROCK'S!**

AW,
WHO
CARES?



EEK! HERE'S MY
REAL IDOL, **ROCK
GRANITE!**

**ROCK
GRANITE?**
LEMME
SEE!



LOOK, WILMA—
TONIGHT IS HIS
BIG PREMIERE
WITH **LAVA
SOAPSTONE!**

ROCK GR
and **LAVA SOAPST**
in **"SPRINGTIM**



OH,
JOY!

HMMPH! I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY
GET SO CARRIED AWAY— ANYONE
WITH A HANDSOME FACE, A
MANLY FIGURE AND A LITTLE
TALENT CAN MAKE IT OUT HERE!



EEK! THERE
HE IS!

LET'S GET HIS
AUTOGRAPH!



SEE, LIKE I TOLD YOU— MY
VAST APPEAL IS RECOGNIZED
ALREADY!



DON'T PUSH, GIRLS! I'LL
SIGN ALL YOUR BOOKS!





ONE SIDE, FATSO!

OOF! HEY!



EEK!

I'M NEXT!

NO, I'M NEXT!



LOOK, BETTY—IT'S **ROCK GRANITE**, IN PERSON!

EEK!



PLEASE SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK!

MINE, TOO! WILL YOU? WILL YOU?



SIGN MINE!

MINE!

SIGN HERE!

GIRLS! PLEASE!



HELP! HELP!



ALL RIGHT, LADIES! KNOCK IT OFF!

BUT, OFFICER, I DON'T HAVE HIS AUTOGRAPH YET!



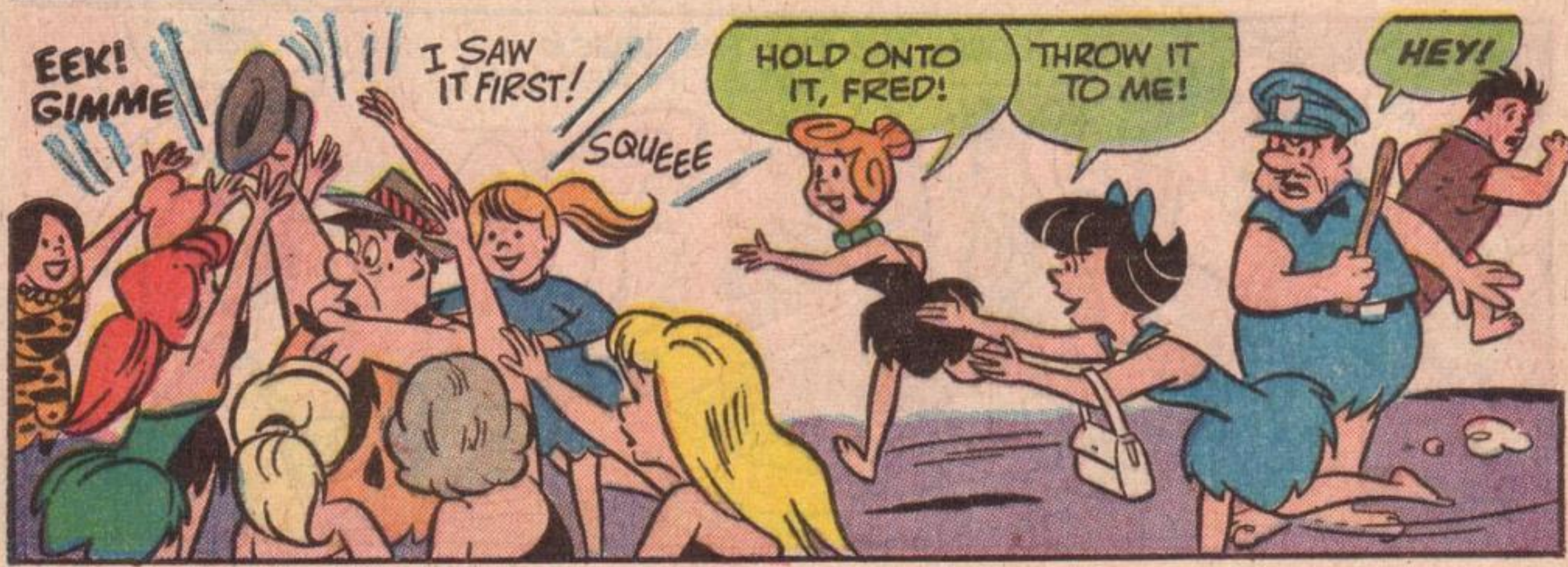
YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW CLEAR OUT OF HERE!

COME ON, GIRLS! HE'S JUST AN OLD MEANIE!



LOOK, BARNEY! THE PRETTY BOY DROPPED HIS HAT!

ROCK GRANITE'S HAT!! EEK!



EEK! GIMME

I SAW IT FIRST!

SQUEEE

HOLD ONTO IT, FRED!

THROW IT TO ME!

HEY!



A SOUVENIR SNATCHER, EH? GIVE ME THAT HAT!



IT'S YOKELS LIKE YOU THAT MAKE THE HOLLYROCK COPS EARN OUR PAY! NOW BEAT IT BEFORE I RUN YOU IN!

ROCK GRANITE'S GONE!



WELL, FRED, THIS IS A FINE START AT SEEING HOLLYROCK!

BETTY AND I WILL SEE YOU BOYS LATER AT THE HOTEL!

GRR!



THIS IS FOR US! COME ON, BETTY!

ON YOUR RIGHT IS LAVA SOAPSTONE'S RESIDENCE WHERE ROCK GRANITE WILL PICK UP LAVA FOR THEIR GRAND PREMIERE THIS EVENING!

THRILLING!

IMAGINE HAVING ROCK GRANITE PICK YOU UP!

HOLLYROCK
SIGHTSEEING TOUR

EEK! I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA!

STOP THE BUS, DRIVER!

B-BUT, WILMA — WE
HAVEN'T FINISHED
THE TOUR!

FORGET THE TOUR! REMEMBER THOSE
FOOTPRINTS OF ROCK GRANITE'S BACK
AT THE THEATRE? HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE HIS FOOTPRINTS FOR YOUR
VERY OWN?

FINE,
BUT—

FIRST, WE'VE GOT SOME SHOPPING
TO DO!

SO
WILL
THAT
BE ALL,
LADY?

THIS SHOULD DO THE JOB! I'LL
CARRY THE CEMENT! YOU
CARRY THE OTHER STUFF,
BETTY!

I DON'T
GET IT...
WHY DO
WE NEED
TWO
MOLDS?

WE'LL PLACE THEM
SO HE'LL STEP IN
ONE FOR *YOU* AND
ONE FOR *ME*!

MEANWHILE-

GEE, FRED, AREN'T WE GONNA SEE ANY MORE SIGHTS?

I'LL SAY WE ARE! I JUST WANTED TO GET RID OF THE GIRLS FIRST!

WE'RE GOING TO SEE MY FAVORITE GLAMOUR GIRL... LAVA SOAPSTONE!

THERE'S HER HOUSE— RIGHT THERE!

GOSH, FRED... YOU CAN'T JUST BARGE IN!

I WILL STAND OUTSIDE HER FRONT DOOR UNTIL SHE SEES ME! THEN SHE WILL INVITE US IN! IT'S THE HOSPITABLE THING TO DO!

SSH— SOMEONE'S COMING!

THERE! ALL SET! WHEN HE GETS OUT OF HIS CAR TO GO UP THE STEPS, HE'LL WALK RIGHT ACROSS THIS CEMENT!

PROBABLY ROCK GRANITE! WE'LL COME BACK AFTER HE LEAVES AND PICK UP HIS FOOTPRINTS!

JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME, BARNEY BOY!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, FRED!

GET SET, BARNEY! SHE'LL SPOT ME ANY SECOND NOW!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, FRED!

FIFTEEN
MINUTES
LATER...

FRED! LOOK!
THERE'S THAT
POLICEMAN!



LET'S GET
OUT OF
HERE!

OH, NO! I'M
STUCK!



WELL, COME ON ANYWAY!

I AM!
I AM!



LOOK, BETTY! A
SQUARE-FOOTED
MONSTERSAURUS
JUST PASSED
THIS WAY!

HEY—THERE'S A
MAN'S TRACKS, TOO!
IT MUST'VE BEEN
CHASING HIM!



THE TRACKS LEAD
FROM LAVA SOAP-
STONE'S HOUSE!

HEAVENS!
HE WAS
AFTER ROCK
GRANITE!



DO SOMETHING, OFFICER! A
MONSTERSAURUS IS AFTER
ROCK GRANITE!

LOOK!



I'D BETTER
GO NOTIFY
HEADQUARTERS!

WE'LL FOLLOW THE
TRAIL AND SEE
WHICH WAY THEY
WENT!



SHORTLY...

**BIG PREMIERE
ROCK GRANITE & LAVA SOAPSTONE
SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES!!**

EXTRA! EXTRA!
SQUARE-FOOTED
MONSTERSAURUS
RUNS OFF WITH
ROCK GRANITE!

OH, NO!

ROCKY, DAHLING,
WHERE ARE ALL
THOSE PEOPLE
GOING?

WITH ALL THOSE
CLUBS, THEY MUST
BE GOING HUNTING,
LAVA BABY!

IF WE RESCUE ROCK
GRANITE, MAYBE HE'LL
GIVE US HIS AUTOGRAPH
AFTER ALL!

THAT'S WHAT
I'M COUNTING
ON, BETTY!

SHHH! THE
TRAIL ENDS
HERE!

I HEAR IT
BREATHING!

ZZZZZZ

STOP! DON'T DO IT!
IT'S
ONLY
US!

FRED!

HOW DID OUR
CEMENT SQUARES
GET ON FRED'S
FEET?

SINCE THEY WERE IN
FRONT OF LAVA
SOAPSTONE'S HOUSE,
I'VE GOT A GOOD
IDEA!

PULL
HARDER,
BARNEY!

50- READ ALL ABOUT
IT! SEARCH FOR
SQUARE-FOOTED
MONSTERSAURUS
CONTINUES!

TEE HEE!
THAT MONSTER
IS GETTING
MORE PUBLICITY
THAN ROCK
GRANITE!

TOO BAD WE CAN'T TAKE
CREDIT FOR
CAPTURING
HIM!

GRR!